

# THE DIAMOND FROM THE SKY

By ROY L. MCCARDELL

Copyright, 1915, by Roy L. McCardell

A novelization of the photo play selected as the best in over 19,000 submitted to the scenario department of the Chicago Tribune in a \$10,000 prize contest during December and January. The manuscripts in this competition came from many sections in the United States and Canada. Authors of note as well as thousands of amateurs took part.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

### A Runaway Marriage.

WHILE Mrs. Randolph was indulging in another luxurious nervous collapse at this crowning contretemps the detective and gambler were on their way to the railroad station to head off the fugitives. Half way to the depot the front tire on the taxicab blew out with a loud explosion.

Tom Blake looked at his watch. "Blair Stanley and the lady and the diamond can't get a train out of Richmond for over an hour yet," said the detective. "I have a hunch that they know this and I bet two to one they have improved the shining hour by waking up Parson Gray, 'the marrying minister,' and getting spliced. I have a wedding present, a pair of bracelets—for the groom."

Mr. Abe Bloom did not ask any questions. He realized there might be several reasons that such a piece of punitive jewelry could be clamped about the wrists of Blair Stanley.

At the preacher's house, which was near by, neither Blake nor Bloom were surprised to see a waiting taxicab. Blake questioned the driver briefly and mounted the steps of the parsonage. The front door was unfastened and he and Bloom gilded silently into the lighted hallway.

They could hear the voice of the Rev. John Gray droning. "I now pronounce you man and wife!" Blair Stanley and Vivian—Vivian Marston no more—were facing the minister and Blair was extending to his eager eyed bride the jewel with which he had won her, the diamond from the sky.

Blake stepped forward and with a deftness acquired by long practice, snapped his handcuffs on the wrists of Blair, exclaiming, "We want the diamond, and I arrest you for the murder of Dr. Lee."

Vivian did not scream, she clutched the diamond and drew it to her breast. Blair, roused to a frenzy of fright and rage at the thought of losing Vivian and of being hailed off as a murderer, swung his manacled hands with all his strength.

For once Tom Blake was caught napping. He was knocked back over a chair and lay a moment stunned. Abe Bloom was next to feel the heavy swinging double blow of the infuriated Blair.

Vivian, quick as thought, pressed the button of the electric light switch near the door, and she and Blair rushed from the room, Blair pausing just inside the hall to draw back the sliding door. They dashed from the place and were in their taxicab and away before the excited and irresolute minister had thought to turn on the light. The detective, still dizzy from his stunning fall, roused himself and hurried after the fugitives from the house, followed by the astounded Mr. Bloom.

The taxicab of the newly married pair was gone. The detective and the gambler ran to their vehicle in the next street and, finding the burst tire had been replaced, ordered the driver to make for the depot.

On their part, the fugitives had not proceeded to the depot. It was the more subtle Vivian who suggested a daring scheme of escape from the city.

Dismissing their taxi near Mr. Ike Bloom's pawnshop, they roused that nervously dozing lender of money on portable property. He was not loath to admit the fair Vivian for, awakened now, he was horribly frightened at the idea of being alone.

But while chattering some excuse, the fair Vivian lavished her smiles upon the pawnbroker, Blair stepped behind the unsuspecting Ike Bloom and throttled him with the chain of the handcuffs.

Then they bound, gagged and blindfolded the unfortunate and frightened Ike Bloom. From his varied and wonderful stock of goods in pawn the two adventurers were not long in selecting complete disguises. Vivian attired herself as a natty youth, crowning her disguise with a boy's curly wig, "hooked" but this same day by a stranded vaudeville actress.

Blair arrayed himself in a somber frock coat, a silk hat, and a black cravat. With cosmetic from Vivian's vanity case he darkened his visage and the two, taking dress suit cases, with their own and such other attire as struck their fancy, shut the spring lock door on the bound and indignant pawnbroker.

With the passengers that took the 3:10 a. m. train north was a natty college boy and a bent gentleman of middle age of clerical aspect, evidently the collegian's father.

Blake had stepped a few yards away to get a view in the light of the faces of a young married couple, leaving Abe Bloom to scan the other passengers. "They didn't get on this train," spluttered Mr. Bloom, "but I wish I had that young feller by the neck that dropped a cigarette in my eye from the car window as the train pulled out."

"That young fellow" was Vivian Marston.



Vivian and Blair Stanley Board the Train.

In the gypsy camp the proximity of the Romany people brought no return of mental health to the afflicted Hagar. In the trying days that followed the devoted Esther would have given way to despair, but for the cheering presence and loyalty of her new and faithful friend and servant, Quabba, the hunchback organ grinder.

Sedition was at work among Hagar's tribe. Everywhere Luke Lovell was whispering evil counsel. He had determined to wrest the reins of power falling from the hands of Hagar. Once leader of the gypsies, he felt it would be an easy thing to coerce Esther into marriage and thus be assured of his Romany kingship.

Hagar's wealth was a proverb among the gypsies, and while they loved Esther, they listened to Luke when he whispered to them that now that Hagar was bereft of her reason her wealth belonged to and should be shared by the tribe.

Quabba sought in every way to cheer Esther. While Hagar sat in her van moaning and muttering for a child, a son that none had ever heard had been born to her, Quabba would take Esther for walks upon the mountains, knowing Hagar was safe among the gypsies, attended by the elder women waiting and watching faithfully near by at such times.

The favorite spot where Esther and Quabba daily climbed to talk of Arthur and to wonder where he was and when they would hear from him was to the mountain's top, where a great balancing rock swayed to the lightest touch and had menaced the valley below for centuries.

Upon such occasions they took field glasses with them and would watch the roads for miles away, wondering if every distant rider were Arthur returning to them.

Upon one such occasion Quabba turned the glasses upon the gypsy village in the hollow at the mountain's foot. There was some excitement in the camp, it was evident. The figure of Luke Lovell on an eminence in the center of the camp could be plainly seen. The gypsies had gathered around him, and it was evident Luke Lovell was haranguing them to some evil purpose of his own.

Esther and Quabba ran down the mountain, arriving breathlessly at the camp just in time to find Luke Lovell leading the gypsies to Hagar's van to despoil it of Hagar's supposed wealth and divide it. For this Luke was to be made chief of the gypsies, king where Hagar had been queen and Esther princess.

When Esther and Quabba pushed themselves through the circle of gypsies, Luke had brought out the supposed treasure chest from the van without protest from the crazed Hagar. It was a brass bound box, of which Esther had lately carried the key.

Esther had seen the box open and had noted it contained only some papers, yellow with age. These she had not deemed it her province to examine until Arthur returned.

But now she stepped forward, backed by the active and determined Quabba, and defied Luke to open the box. "I have the key!" she cried, producing it from her bosom. "And you!" and she turned an indignant glance upon

the gypsies—"If you have no respect for your queen or for me and listen to the words of Luke Lovell I will open the box!"

She did so, and as she did Luke thrust his knotted hand in among the documents as if searching for coins or gems. He brought out a bulky, time stained document, the seals broken. It was superscribed, "To be opened at my death. In case my son, Arthur Stanley 2d, should prove unworthy of the Stanley name."

Esther snatched at the paper, but it was open in Luke Lovell's hand, and at a glance Esther and the sinister gypsy both knew the Stanley secret!

Quabba struck with his dagger menacingly, and Luke surrendered the paper to Esther's eager grasp. But he grinned, secure in a knowledge that was power and should be the was resolved upon this wealth to him as it had been to his long dead chief, the greedy Matt Harding.

Esther covered her eyes with her hands, clutching the document all the tighter as she did so. Arthur was her brother—he was not the heir of Stanley. She tottered and would have fallen.

A hoarse murmur of rage rose from the emotional gypsies. They loved Esther, and they loved the crazed Hagar, who now came feebly from the van and asked in a weak voice, "What is it, my children?"

Led by the enraged Quabba, the now infuriated gypsies stoned Luke Lovell from the camp and by this act banished him from the tribe forever.

On the far western plains the young fortune seeker who called himself John Powell, but who had been known in proud Fairfax as the heir of Stanley, found fortune hard to find. The hard and lonely work of a herder was his. On the very day that the Stanley secret was revealed to Esther and Luke Lovell Arthur, or, as he is now known, John Powell, tastes new adventures.

A campfire's smoke behind a great rock on his desert range had lured him near. Four plotting "long riders" are behind the rock, and he overhears them plan the robbery of the Overland Limited.

He mounts his horse and rides away. The marauders rouse up and fire after him, but they deem him to be a passing inquisitive herder, who has not been near enough to overhear them, and they depart upon their way to consummate the robbery.

It is a congress of tramps, in far away Virginia, that plays a part in the next phase of our strange story. Luke Lovell, the banished gypsy, has fallen



The Gypsies Drive Luke Lovell From the Camp.

In with this convention of seasoned ne'er do wells. He arouses their criminal cupidity with his tale of gypsy wealth easy to secure if they let him lead them in a raid on a nearby gypsy camp, defended only by a dozen timid gypsy men.

After the incident of Luke's perfdy Esther resolved never to leave Hagar or the documents again unguarded. Esther had not nerved herself to delve further into Hagar's secrets. She waited for Arthur's return with impatient longing. Every day she sent Quabba to the mountain top by the great rocking stone to watch for Arthur's coming.

It was on sentinel duty here that Quabba saw the desperate tramps, a ragged and brutal horde, fired by Luke Lovell's tales of treasure, raid the gypsy camp. Quabba saw through

the glasses the outnumbered gypsy men fight valiantly only to be overcome.

Through the field glasses he could descry the bulky form of Luke Lovell drag Esther from the van, with Hagar clinging feebly to her.

Quabba resolved upon a desperate thing. Better death to Esther, he thought, than she should be in the power of Lovell and his brute horde even for an hour.

Seizing a heavy pine branch lying near by and applying it as a lever, the half delirious Quabba pries at the rocking stone.

It takes a moment on its pivot, then slowly sways and falls roaring down the mountain side. Gathering impetus with every foot of fall, it starts an avalanche of rocks and dirt and stumps.

Mightier, greater, vaster, heavier grows the landslide started by the ponderous rocking stone, now whirling down the mountain side in a great mass of dirt and rubble, until it seems the very mountain is falling.

A roar from the valley below, and then a cloud of dust that rises like a fog shrouding the scene. The gypsy camp is wiped out, overwhelmed and annihilated.

In the far west the Overland Limited gasps up a steep grade in the desert. Beside it gallops a wild horseman. He grasps the platform rails of a car that lurches by him, and his horse gallops on, passed and distanced by the train, while the daring rider clings and pants in his perilous place. The door of the vestibule opens and the trainmen refuse to heed the warning of the spent, hysterical man clinging perilously to the handrail.

It is Arthur, and he is desperate that he is doubted, believed to be an outlaw train robber such as he warns them of. Unheeding of his protests, scorning his warning, they thrust him from the platform and he falls insensible by the track and the train pants on.

Among the passengers to whom it is whispered that a desperate train robber has attempted to board the train from horseback are a young married couple known as Mr. and Mrs. Peyton.

Mrs. Peyton, whose husband addresses her as Vivian, has shown some of the ladies on the Overland a wondrous diamond, set in an antique locket that her husband gave her as her wedding present. "An old family heirloom," the happy bride explains.

To Be Continued

## Useful Knowledge

Logan People Should Learn to Detect the Approach of Kidney Disease

The symptoms of kidney trouble are many. Disordered kidneys often excrete, a thick, cloudy, offensive urine, full of sediment, irregular of passage or attended by a sensation of scalding. The back may ache, headaches and dizzy spells may occur and the victim is often weighted down by a feeling of languor and fatigue. Neglect these warnings and there is danger. Delay often proves fatal.

You can use no better endorsed kidney remedy than Doan's Kidney Pills. Here's Logan proof of their merit.

Mrs. Ann L. Cowley, 70 North Fifth West street, Logan, says: "I know that Doan's Kidney Pills are a good medicine and will say that people can place entire confidence in them. I have seen what Doan's Kidney Pills will do right in my family. You may send anyone to me for confirmation of this statement."

Price 50c, at all dealers. Don't simply ask for a kidney remedy—get Doan's Kidney Pills—the same that Mrs. Cowley recommends. Foster-Milburn Co., Props., Buffalo, N. Y.

## PLENTY OF TIME

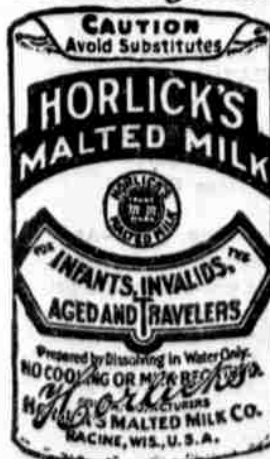
Another of Mr. Pett Rille's good anecdotes concerns a policeman.

"There was a city constable," he says, "to whom an infuriated musician applied with the request that he would do something with that boy."

"I was coming along the road in a hurry," said the musician, when the boy stopped me and asked the time. I said: It is ten to three. Very well, replied the boy, at 3 o'clock get your hair cut."

"Well, replied the constable, languidly looking at his watch, you're all right—you've got a good eight minutes."—Pearson's Weekly.

## The Original



Take a package home

## Mexicans Shoot at U. S. Soldiers

Troopers Return Fire; No Casualties; Carranza Commander Apologizes

Douglas, Ariz., Aug. 23.—Troopers of the Tenth cavalry, doing border patrol duty near Lochiel, Arizona, were fired upon yesterday and returned the fire which is supposed to have come from renegade Mexicans professing allegiance to Carranza. There were no casualties. The Mexican commander sent an apology.

Leonard Ellis, negro trooper of the Ninth United States cavalry and R. Kleber, white, private of the Eighteenth infantry, were arrested by the civil authorities today on the charge of having attempted to kill John Peters, a trooper of the Ninth cavalry, who was stabbed several times yesterday and reported that he had been attacked by Mexicans. According to officers Peters had been gambling with Mexicans. He won the money and was robbed of it by Ellis and Kleber, who are alleged to have spared his life on condition that he blame the assault upon Mexicans.

On Trail of Outlaws  
Brownsville, Texas, Aug. 23.—Un-

ted States cavalrymen, deputy sheriffs and Texas rangers today reported they were close on the trail in Hidalgo county of a band of ten Mexicans, deserters from the Carranza force at Reynosa, Mexico, who crossed into Texas last week. This was taken as denial of a report here today that the posse had overtaken the Mexicans and engaged in a battle in which several Mexicans were killed.

Constipation is the starting point for many serious diseases. To be healthy keep the bowels active and regular. HERBINE will remove all accumulations in the bowels and put the system in prime condition. Price 50c. Sold by Ritter Bros. Drug Co.—Adv.

Lost articles can be found and restored to the owner more often by the use of a little printer's ink.

State of Ohio, City of Toledo, I am, Lucas County.  
Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.  
Subscribed and sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.  
A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public.  
Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.  
F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.  
Sold by all Druggists, etc.  
Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

## THE M. & L. COAL and WOOD CO.

Quote the following prices for June and July, at their Yard

Aberdeen, Spring Canyon and other Utah Coals

Lump Coal	-	-	-	\$6.00 per ton
Nut Coal	-	-	-	\$5.75 per ton
Rock Springs lump	-	-	-	\$5.75 per ton

We will give a discount of five (5)% for Cash on Delivery, or at yard

Now is the time to put in your winter's supply

Let Us Have Your Order

Call Phone 74

## Oregon Short Line R. R. Time Table

ARRIVE AT LOGAN	FROM
No. 35—8:20 a. m.	Cache Junction and North
" 12—8:30 a. m.	Preston
" 21—11:35 a. m.	Salt Lake City
" 22—2:35 p. m.	Preston
" 43—8:15 p. m.	Salt Lake City

DEPART FROM LOGAN	FOR
No. 12—8:30 a. m.	Salt Lake City
" 36—9:30 a. m.	Cache Junction and North
" 21—11:35 a. m.	Preston
" 22—2:00 p. m.	Cache Junction, North and South
" 44—5:50 p. m.	Salt Lake City
" 11—8:15 p. m.	Preston

## Arrival and Departure of Mails

Following is the new mail schedule at Logan, Utah, postoffice on account of the new time card of the Oregon Short Line, effective, June 15, 1915:

### CLOSING OF MAILS

East, West, North and South	7:50 a. m. 1:30 p. m.
East, West and South	5:00 p. m.
Preston Branch, North	10:55 a. m. 7:45 p. m.
Branch Loop, South, Hyrum, Wellsville, etc.	1:30 p. m.
Providence and Millville, via R. F. D.	9:30 a. m.
Benson and King, (except Sunday)	9:30 a. m.
R. F. D. 1, College Ward, (except Sunday)	9:30 a. m.
R. F. D. 2, North Logan, (except Sunday)	9:30 a. m.

### ARRIVAL OF MAILS

East, West, North and South	8:45 a. m. 11:45 a. m. 6:00 p. m. 8:30 p. m.
Preston Branch	8:45 a. m. 2:30 p. m.
Branch Loop, Wellsville, Hyrum, etc.	11:45 a. m.
Providence and Millville	4:30 p. m.
Benson and King, (except Sunday)	4:00 p. m.
R. F. D. 1, College Ward	4:30 p. m.
R. F. D. 2, Greenville, North Logan	1:00 p. m.
All windows at the postoffice are closed on Sundays the entire day. General delivery, stamp and carrier windows are open on holidays from 9 to 10 o'clock a. m. Only two dispatches are made on Sundays: Main line, all points, 7:50 a. m.; Preston branch, north, 7:45 p. m.	

Very respectfully,

JOSEPH, ODELL, Postmaster.